

# The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor

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## The Bloomfield Record.

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### Wit and Wisdom.

—Quarrel with dead men and you will not get hurt.

—A friend that sticks in prosperity and adversity—Mucilage.

—All flesh may not be grass, but buffalo meat is Indian meat.

—An ability the most ambitious are ready to disclaim—their tax-ability.

—For diver's reasons a man does not like to stay too long under water.

—Every man is expected to do his duty, and that is about all it ever amounts to.

—Before taking liberties with a strange dog observe his tail and wait for the wag on.

—A Virginia paper notices that laws are changed as soon as the people become familiar with them.

—The planting of trees around mining claims is urged in California. They are so handy to have in lynching neighborhoods.

—A new town in the California quicksilver region has been named Mercury. It will probably have its ups and downs.

—A bill has passed the Oregon Senate which provides that husbands and wives without children may be considered divorced by simply ceasing to live together.

—A Chinese servant in San Francisco, by way of revenge upon his mistress, took a pair of pincers and broke a piece out of the edge of every dish in a valuable dinner set.

—You can't tell much about the girls nowadays, they are so like a good newspaper—capitally made up. To see a girl as she really is, you must drop in on her unexpected.

—"What have you been a doing?" asked a boy of his playmate, whom he saw coming out of the house with tears in his eyes. "I've been a chasing a birch rod round my father," was the snarling reply.

Of a truth, a home without a girl is only half blessed; it is an orchard without blossoms and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside are like roses in Sharon.

JACK'S WIFE.—This is the way a seafaring man, recently married, "told to the marines" what sort of a wife he had secured.

"My wife is just as handsome a creature as ever left a millinery dry dock, is chipper built, and with a figurehead not often seen on a small craft. Her length of keel is five feet eight inches, displaces twenty-seven cubic feet of air; of light draught, which adds to her speed in a ball-room; full in the waist, and spare trim. At the time we were spiced she was newly rigged fore and aft with standing rigging of lace and flowers, mainsail silk, forestaysil of Valenciennes. Her frame was of the best steel covered with silk, with whalebone stanchions. She also has a set of storm sails for rough weather, and is rigged out a small set of canvas for light squalls, which are liable to occur in this latitude sooner or later. I am told, in running down the street before the wind, she answers the helm beautifully, and can turn around in her own length if a hand-somer craft passes her."

### MARRIED AT SIGHT.

We had been upon the Mediterranean station for about a year, when our commander ordered the ship to head for Marseilles. The excellent and safe harbor of this Liverpool of France invites with open arms, as it were, the various nations whose tonnage makes a highway of this famous inland sea. Here the flags of Italy, Portugal, England and America, mingle with those of the far East, forming a most interesting maritime picture.

In the busy streets of Marseilles one is jostled by Turks, Arabs, Spaniards, and the queer-looking sailors of the Grecian Archipelago, while jolly Yankee and British tars are equally conspicuous. Indeed, there is a perfect Babel of tongues saluting one's ears everywhere, owing to the heterogeneous mingling of nationalities, while the eye is dazzled by costumes as varied as a picture of the Roman carnival. The city is a sort of miniature Paris with an Oriental dash added.

I was then a young midshipman, and enjoyed the leave on shore in a foreign port with boyish delight. There were six in our mess, and we managed to get shore leave so as to be together when it was possible to do so. This was the case one fine Sunday in the month of December, as mild and summer-like in the south of France as a New England May day.

The singular experience of one of our number I have often told since about the mess table or the camp fire, but have never put it into print.

We were strolling on the square known as Le Cours St. Louis, a sort of permanent flower market, where the women sit enthroned in tent-like stalls of wood, encircled by their bright, beautiful, and fragrant wares, while the manner of arranging the stalls, so that the vendor sits raised some six feet in the air, gave a novel effect to the scene.

We watched with special delight these black-eyed, black-haired, and rosy-cheeked girls, the blush of health in their faces fairly rivaling that of their scarlet flowers. With busy fingers they arranged in dainty combinations the vivid and delicate colors, relieved by fresh green leaves and trailing vines of smilax, while we young middies joked pleasantly with them and bought fabulous quantities of bouquets.

While we were idling away the hour in Le Cours St. Louis with these rosy-cheeked and pretty flower vendors, we were all thrown into a state of amazement and curiosity by the appearance of a young girl of about seventeen, who rushed about us with a startling speed, and who, hardly pausing to regain her breath, said, in excellent English: "You are Americans, and I trust, gentlemen. Is there one among you who will marry me?"

"We will all marry you," was the instant response, accompanied by hearty laughter. "Ah, you are in sport, but I am in earnest. Who will marry me?"

There seemed to be no joke after all. The girl was positively in earnest, and looked at one and all of us as coolly, yet earnestly, as possible.

"Here, Harry," said one who was rather a leader among us, and addressing Harry B—, "you want a wife," and he gave our comrade a sly push toward the girl.

For matter much more in earnest than the rest of us, and regarded the new-comer with a most searching but respectful glance. Approaching her, he said:

"I do not know exactly what you mean but I can understand by your expression of face that you are quite in earnest. Will you take my arm, let us walk to one side?"

"Yes; but I have no time to lose," and, taking his arm, they walked away together.

We looked upon the affair as some well-prepared joke, but were a little annoyed at the non-appearance of Harry at our rendezvous on the quay. Our leave expired at sunset, and we dared not wait for him, as Captain D— was a thorough disciplinarian, and we didn't care to provoke him and thus endanger our next Sunday's leave.

On board we went, therefore, leaving Harry on shore. When we reported, the question was of course asked where Midshipman B— was, to which query we could return no proper answer, as we really did not know.

He knew perfectly well that we must all be at the boat-landing just before sunset. It was plain enough to us all that there was trouble brewing for our messmate.

Harry did not make his appearance until the next day at noon, when he pulled to the ship in a shore boat, and, coming on board, reported at once to the captain, who stood upon the quarter-deck, and asked the privilege of a private interview.

The circumstances connected with the absence of Harry were very peculiar, and as he was one of the most correct fellows on board, his request was granted by the captain, who retired to his cabin, followed by the delinquent. After remaining with the commander for nearly an hour, he came out and joined us.

"What is the upshot of it, Harry?" we asked.

"Well, lads, I'm married—that's all."

"Married?" asked the mess, in one voice.

"Tied for life!" was the answer.

### "Hard and fast?"

"Irrevocably."

"To that little craft you scudded away with?"

"Exactly. As good and pure a girl as ever lived," said Harry, earnestly.

"W-h-e-w!" whistled one and all.

"How did Old Neptune let you off?" we all eagerly inquired—that being the name the captain went by on board.

"He is hard on me," said Harry, seriously. "What do you think he demands, lads?"

"Can't say, what is it?"

"If I don't resign he will send me home in disgrace. That's his ultimatum."

"W-h-e-w!" again from all hands.

"Let's get up a petition for Harry," suggested one.

"It's of no use, lads, I know he means what he says. He has given me a while, to think it over."

It was all up with Harry.

Captain D— was a severe but an excellent officer, and he had only given the delinquent the alternative of resigning or being sent home in disgrace. The fact that he had got married in the manner described instead of palliating matters, only provoked the captain beyond measure. He declared it was a disgrace to the service, and a breach of propriety not to be overlooked.

Harry told his story in a desultory manner, interrupted by many questions and ejaculations, but which we will put into a simple form for the convenience of the reader.

Julie Meurice was the orphan child of a merchant who had been of high-standing during his life, and who had left a handsome fortune to endow his daughter on her wedding day, or if not married before, she was to receive the property on coming to the age of twenty years. Her mother had died in her infancy, and the father, when she was ten years of age, placed her in a convent to be educated, where she remained until her death, which occurred suddenly, six months previous to the period of our sketch.

After her death Julie became the ward of her uncle, by the tenor of her father's will, and the period of her educational course having just closed at the convent. Hubert Meurice, the uncle, brought her home to the family circle. Madame Meurice, it appears, was a scheming, selfish, and child-like creature, knowing that Julie would be an heiress, she tried every way to promote her intimacy with her own son, who was an uncouth and ignorant youth of eighteen years, without one attractive point in his character.

Hubert Meurice, the uncle of Julie, was a sea captain, whose calling carried him much away from his home. During his absence his wife treated Julie with the utmost tyranny, even keeping her locked up in her room for days together, telling her that when she would consent to marry her son, Hubert, she would release her, and do all she could to make her happy. But to this Julie could not consent. Imprisonment even was preferable to accepting her awkward and repulsive cousin.

One day she overheard a conversation between her aunt and her hopeful son, where-in the mystery of her treatment was solved. The boy asked his mother what was the use of bothering and importuning Julie so. "If she doesn't want to marry me, mother, drop the matter. I like Julie, and she would make me a nice little wife, but I don't want her against her will."

"You are a fool," said the mother. "You know nothing about the matter. Her father's will endows her with a fortune at her marriage, even if it be at seventeen, just her present age. At twenty she receives the fortune at any rate. Now don't you see that if you marry her we are all fixed for life?"

"Does Julie know about the money?" he asked.

"No, of course not."

"It's a little sharp on her," said the boy.

"I'm looking out for you," said the mother.

"Just so," mused the hopeful.

"I am resolved that she shall marry you, and that is why I keep her locked up, so that she may not see some one she would like better."

"Lots of money, eh? Well, mother, let's go in and win. When shall it be?"

"It must be at once."

"The sooner the better."

"Your father is expected home next week. I want you to be married before he returns. He approved of it, but is a little too delicate about pressing matters so quickly. I know that no time is like the present time, so I have been making arrangements to bring this about immediately. I have got a Protestant clergyman in my interest, who will perform the ceremony first, and then you can be married at any time afterward in the Catholic church, to make it valid on her side for her father was a Catholic."

This was enough for Julie. She understood the situation fully now, and saw that her aunt would hesitate at nothing. The poor child feared her beyond description, and had yielded to her in everything, save this one purpose of her marriage with Hubert.

Julie was a very gentle girl; one upon whom her aunt could impose with impunity. She had no idea of asserting her rights, much less of standing up for them. But she was thoroughly frightened now, and resolved to escape at any cost from the tyranny which bound her. No fate could be worse, she thought, than to be compelled to marry that coarse, vulgar and repulsive creature.

Yes, she would run away at once. The poor child—for she was little more—had not asked herself where she should go. She had no other relations that she knew of in the world, and the isolated life she had always led had caused her to form no intimacies, or even to make friends with those of her own age. Indeed, with this prospective fortune, yet she was virtually alone and unprotected, and without a relation whom she did not look upon as her enemy.

The next day after Julie had heard this information was Sunday, the gayest day of the week in Marseilles, and, fortunately, Julie succeeded in making her escape from her aunt's house. Still undecided where to go, and in her desperation fearing that at any moment she might be seized and carried back, she had wandered into the flower market, where she came upon us, already described.

As she explained to Harry afterwards, she was intent upon her own escape, and believed this to be her last chance. When she saw a half-dozen young Americans, who seemed perfectly respectable, the idea that positive safety lay only in marriage dawned upon her, and she actually ran toward us, as we have related, the moment the thought developed itself.

Harry became more and more impressed with Julie's story as they walked along, while he was delighted by her innocent beauty and manifested refinement. It was all like a dream, almost too romantic for truth. Our "fate" sometimes comes to us in this singular fashion, he thought. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Suddenly he turned to her and said:

"Dare you trust me with your happiness?"

She looked at him thoughtfully, with her soft, pleading eyes. Her brain was very busy; she remembered what awaited her at home, what had driven her thence, and then, in reply to his sober question, she put upon her face a look of child-like trust.

They wandered on. Julie had always plenty of money in her purse, and they strolled in a little chapel on their way, where they found a young clergyman, who could not resist their request to marry them, backed by ten golden Napoleons, and so, though reluctantly and advising proper delay, he performed the marriage ceremony, aided by the sexton and his wife, who each received a Napoleon.

As an inducement, Harry had also told the clergyman that he was just going to sea, and that he must be married before he sailed, that not even one hour was to be lost. "Perhaps I am saving the girl's honor," said the young clergyman, as he finally consented.

Julie came out of the chapel the wife of Harry B., who went with her to the Hotel de Louvre. From here he sent a pressing note to the American consul, who came to him early the next morning, and by the earnest persuasion of Harry, the consul agreed to take the young wife to his own house, until matters should be settled as it regarded their future course. In the consul's house Julie found a pleasant and safe retreat for the time being.

Whatever might be said with regard to the propriety of the young folks' conduct; it could not be undone. They were irrevocably united as husband and wife. Harry was forced, however, to resign his commission. By the aid of the consul, Julie's rights in relation to her fortune under her father's will were fully realized, and she came almost immediately with her young husband to America.

Harry B., by means of proper influence, once more entered the navy, the second time as lieutenant, and now wears a captain's epaulets.

I know of no more happy domestic circle than that which resulted from this marriage at sight.

The carriages "exclusively for ladies" on the underground railways in London are poorly patronized.

The newest French bonnets have long streamers of handsome gros grain or satin ribbon down the back.

A marriage in high life lately took place in Virginia between a colored bridegroom seven feet tall and a ditto bride six feet six in altitude.

Brocade is in fashion again, although confined almost exclusively to married ladies. Some of the patterns, especially those imported, are very elegant.

Bonnets are not worn with such high crowns as they were six months ago. "There's reason in all things," said Miss McFlimsey when she cut her "three-decker" down.

There is very little economy and much less satisfaction in the ready-made or "pattern dresses." They are poorly made and sewed on the machine, and fall apart without the slightest provocation.

### THE MAY QUEEN.

ADAPTED TO A BACKWARD SEASON.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
And see that my room is warm, mother, and the fire is burning clear;  
And tallow my nose once more, mother, once more ere you go away.  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

It froze so hard last night, mother, that really I couldn't break  
The ice in my little pitcher, mother, till I thought the poker to take;  
You'll find it there on the hearth, mother—but, oh, let that hot brick stay,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I shall put on my aqua cadens outside of my seal-skin coat,  
And two or three yards of flannel, dear, will go around my throat;  
And you'll see that the bonnet-ies, mother, is drawn while your child's away,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me, if her nose is fit to be seen;  
And you shall be there, too, dear mother, to see me made the Queen,  
Provided the doctor'll let you; and, if it don't rain instead,  
Little Johnny is to take me a part of the way on his sled.

So, if you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
For to-morrow may be the chillest day of all the glad New Year;  
For to-day is the thirtieth, mother, and bless'd if your child can say,  
If she ain't an April Fool, mother, instead of a Queen o' the May.

—Nash's Almanac for 1875.

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Wish to give notice to the residents of Bloomfield and vicinity, that they have recently added to their stock of

#### GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

#### FLOUR, FEED & GRAIN,

AN ASSORTMENT OF

#### FINE TOILET SOAPS,

which all consumers are recommended to try.

#### MARTIN BROS.,

Corner Bloomfield Ave. and Broad St.,

Goods delivered free of charge.

#### EDWARD WILDE at the

#### OLD FAMILY STORE

BLOOMFIELD CENTER

Offers for sale a large and choice assortment of

Groceries, Provisions, Dry Goods, Crockery and Stone Ware, Oil Cloths, Shades and Fixtures,

Which will be sold at prices to suit the times.

#### N. H. DODD,

#### CARRIAGES AND WAGONS

Built to Order.

ALSO

#### CARRIAGE PAINTING,

Trimming and General Blacksmithing.

Repairing of all kinds attended to with neatness and dispatch.

BLOOMFIELD AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

#### OUR NEW BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,

A PRIME ARTICLE,

Manufactured from choice Pennsylvania Buckwheat by

#### J. W. POTTER,

BLOOMFIELD MILLS.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention.

#### WILLIAM COLFAX,

DEALER IN

#### DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Grain, Feed, &c.

A FINE ASSORTMENT of all goods in my line which will be sold low and promptly delivered in any part of the town.

COR. BROAD ST. AND BELLEVILLE AVE., Bloomfield N. J.

#### JAMES H. WAY,

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#### FINE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, CANNED AND DRIED FRUITS,

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.

Goods delivered throughout Bloomfield and vicinity.

#### J. H. COLFAX,

Having removed to

COR. ORANGE STREET AND BLOOMFIELD AVENUE,

Has a fine assortment of

#### GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, TEAS,

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